Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of bloo
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Sceptors awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my foe
Once did I lay an ambush for you
A trespasse that doth vexe my grie
Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the Sacr
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope
This is my fault; as for the rest a
It issues from the rancour of a Vi
A recreant and most degenerate T
Which in my selfe I boldly will de
And enterchangeably hurle down
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors
To prooue my selfe a loyall Gent
Euen in the best blood chambred
In haste whereof, most hartily I pr
Your highnesse to assigne our tri

King. Wrath kindled Gentlem
Iets pvrge this choler without let
This we prescribe, though no Ph
Deepe malice makes too deepe in
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and b
Our Doctors say, this is no mont
Good Vncle, let this end where i
Weele calme the Duke of *Norfol*

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, s
Throw downe (my sonne) the D

King. And Norfolke, throw do

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? ob
Obedience bids I should not bid

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe w

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread
My life thou shalt commaund, bu
The one my duties owes; but my
Despight of death that liues vpo
To darke Dishonors vse, thou sh
I am disgrast, impeacht, and baff
Pierst to the soule with slaunders
The which no balme can cure, bu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.